

for YOUNG Ladies,
EDGE, MASS.

MRS. MACE.

commences the second

M
o
n
t
h
e
r
y
e
r
o
f
t
h
e
b
o
o
t
h
e
c
o
n
f
e
d
e
r
a
c
y
.

consists of four numbers

of

one week each.

The hours engaged in teaching

the

and

the

POETRY.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.
BY ELIZA COOK.

Whom do we dub a gentleman? the knave, the fool, the brute—
If they but own full title of gold, and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line—the ribbon at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree;
But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her nobly born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;

She should with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting—Who can make a gentleman like mine?

She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace and light upon the brain and heart;
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illustre—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom;

Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters bles-sings round;

The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by Nature's gentleman—the good, the just, the kind.

He turns not from the cheerless home where sorrow's offsprings dwell;

He'll greet the peasant in his hut, the culprit in his cell;

He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mournful love;

He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above;

The orphan child—the friendless one—the luckless, or the poor,

Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;

His kindred circles all mankind—his country all the globe—

An honest name his jewelled star, and truth his ermine robe.

He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—

His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul—

He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,

But will not love the revel scene, or heed the brawling strife;

He would no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue;

He's social with the gray-haired one, and merry with the young;

He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game,

And shines as Nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

No naughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word;

No studied attitude is seen, no palming nonsense heard;

He'll suit his hearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach;

With joyful freedom in his mirth and candor in his speech;

He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed,

He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr bleed;

Justice and Mercy from his code—he puts his trust in heaven;

His prayer is, 'If the heart mean well may all else be forgiven!'

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems there are;

Each shining in his haloed sphere as virtue's polar star;

Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt and dark,

Yet—yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Pro-methean spark;

There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,

Great in the calm, but greater still when dashed by adverse tide;

They hold the rank no king can give—no station can disgrace;

Nature puts forth her gentlemen and monarchs must give place.

—*From the Anti-Slavery Envoy.*

BENJAMIN LUNDY.

Let the tired warrior rest!

Death's shadowed valley he hath now passed over,

And the bright prairie-flowers his grave shall cover

In the far west.

A veteran chief has died!

His long career of glorious strife is ended;

The well-proved armor that his form defended,

Is laid aside.

His head is banded and battered shield,

The deep impress of mortal conflict bearing,

Can tell of deeds of high and noble daring

Upon that field,

Where long he fought alone.

No kindred spirits there were battling near him,

No voice of sympathy came there to cheer him With kindly tone.

Sad, but despairing not;

With Christian courage that could not be daunted,

The banner of God's truth he firmly planted,

And by it fought.

With slavery he strove,

His war-cry echoed over vale and mountain,

Breaking the silence that had sealed the fountain Of human love.

He guarded well the faith

That the Great Master gave into his keeping:

His work is finished—he is calmly sleeping The sleep of death.

Peace with the veteran he!

The prairie-streams around his tomb are flowing;

The prairie-breezes o'er his grave are blowing;

Chainless and free.

He sleeps beneath a sod,

That freedom yet shall consecrate in story;

Though now thy fame, proud Illinois! is gory With Loveroy's blood.

Let the tired warrior rest!

Death's shadowed valley he hath now passed over,

And the bright prairie-flowers his grave shall cover

In the far West.

SONNET,

In Memory of Elizabeth Heyrick.

BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

Thine was a name unnoticed and obscure,

In regal bower and costly halls unknown;

Yet shall its blessed memory endure.

When the bright sceptre, and the jeweled crown,

Have to forgetfulness and dust gone down.

Their profligate glance, undimmed by worldly fear

As in a mirror, saw the future clear;

And thou didst dare, despite the oppressor's frown

To say, 'Give freedom to the bondman now!

* * * From his hand unloose the heavy chain,

* * * Let not the curse another hour remain

* * * To crush his soul and stamp with shame his brow!

Wherever Truth her conquering cause shall hold,

This blest memorial shall of thee be told.

NON-RESISTANCE.

From the Morning Star.

Peace.

The chief obstacle to the progress of the cause of permanent and universal peace may be stated, in general terms, to be *want of conformity to the Gospel on the part of Christians*. It will be necessary, in order to exhibit the truth of this statement, to make several specifications under it; and it will be seen in the progress of these remarks, that nearly every obstacle may be traced to the above cause as its original source.

No believer in the Bible doubts but that the principles of the Gospel, carried out fully, would put a speedy termination to all wars. From every page of the New Testament there is breathed a spirit of the most disinterested kindness and love. Christ whom it presents as our model, was eminently mild and compassionate; meek and lowly in heart; inoffensive and forgiving; peaceful and benevolent. He went about doing good to the bodies and souls of men; bearing their vilest reproaches and most bitter persecutions without a single retaliatory act, or one resentful expression. Even his expiring breath gave utterance to a prayer for the forgiveness of his murderers. Such was our great exemplar; and his discourses showed by their lives and conduct, that they had not enjoyed the benefit of his example and instructions in vain. Like him, they never rendered evil for evil, but contrarwise blessing; bore with patience and submission the assaults of their enemies, and did good to all men as they had opportunity. As they lived, so they taught. The spirit of revenge and violence finds no countenance in the New Testament; but the sentiment of that sacred volume is 'Overcome evil with good?' Who, then, does not see that the Gospel is diametrically opposed to the war system in all its parts, and seeks its utter subversion? How can be waged in consistency with its obvious design?

But the ravages of war still continue, and have been exhibited in their most revolting aspects, through the length and breadth of Christendom, amidst all the light and intelligence of the nineteenth century; so that even the heathen world need not be surprised and called to account for its conduct.

What is the inference?

The Gospel, in the plainest terms, utterly prohibits war; yet those nations which profess obedience to this very Gospel, are almost continually engaged in war!

The conclusion is irresistible, that Christian nations are guilty of the most shameful inconsistency. They say, and do not. With one hand they touch the reconciling cross, and with the other grasp the deadly sword. What wonder that the earth is still filled with violence?

And what course has been pursued by those who are called of God to minister at his altar? Have they copied the example of the Savior in inciting the people to war? or, speaking with other words, As a Christian he would be humble; never putting himself forward or speaking of himself. He possessed ardent and strong Christian attachment—love to the house of God—and delighted in the society of good men. He availed himself of every opportunity to meet his ministering brethren; and was always ready to unite with them in every good thing. He seldom failed to attend the Hancock Ministerial Conference, though his health was so poor; and its members will long lament the loss they have sustained in his death.

He supported, by every means in his power, the various benevolent enterprises of the age. He was ready to commend them to the church, and contribute his substance for their support. But the object, which of all others had the first and strongest hold on his affections, was the cause and condition of the down-trodden slave. From the commencement of the abolition movement, he became an unfaltering advocate for emancipation. To this cause he lent his support by prayers, expostulations, and contributions. Nor do we believe, that now he has gone, that he identified himself on earth with those who plead for and suffer with God's poor.

WONDERFUL MACHINE. A great degree of interest has recently been excited in Presburg, by the invention of a machine which promises to effect a perfect revolution in the art of printing.

The inventor is a person named Joseph Von Kriegel, and the machine is said to possess the two-fold power of superseding the operation of the hand in composing, and sorting, or distributing types. Only the model has, as yet, been produced; but a committee has been formed at Presburg, under the superintendence of Count Ludwig Bathany, for the purpose of raising the funds necessary for the construction of the machine. Von Kriegel has given to his invention the name of Typographische Schleissel-und-Sorter machine.

Though capable of conjoint operation in the process of composing and distributing types, yet the two powers of the machine, being quite distinct and independent of each other, are capable of acting separately. Here Von Kriegel has pledged himself first to complete that portion of the machine applicable to type-sorting. A sheet of Cicero type may, it is said, be broken up and distributed within the duration of an hour and a half, by an operation which requires no manual aid, and may be made to act day and night like clock-work. In the course of a day ten sheets may be broken up and distributed.

The composing machine is with the distributing machine, so that the type-boxes may be instantaneously transferred from the latter to the former. The distributing machine is worked by means of a handle, turned like that of a mangle. The composing machine acts by means of a key-board, like that of a piano-forte, which must be touched by the composer. It is expected that by the aid of this invention words may be composed as rapidly as they are spelt. Even a slow, unpractised compositor may compose a sheet of Cicero type in an hour and a half; and he requires no other help than that of a boy to fit from the machine each page as it is composed.

ITEMS.

An Extraordinary rencontre recently occurred at an hotel in Havre, France. Amongst the travellers who had arrived on the same day, and who were dining at the table d'hôte were several gentlemen, who, relating to each other of their adventures, one had arrived after an absence of twelve years.

One of the guests was a Frenchman, who had been at the United States, where he had been to improve his fortune, and had succeeded. Another, who left France at the same time, had gone to Egypt, and entered into the military service of the Pasha, who had rewarded him with fortune and honors; and the third had been attached to various voyages of discovery as an artist, and now returned, with a competence and a pension from the Pasha.

These three persons are now born in Rome, in the same house!

At the death of their parents, they are set on the same day; and, by a singular coincidence, they returned on the same day, after an absence of twenty years, during which period they had never met each other!

THE WAR IN FRANCE. ADVICES. From the *Parisian* and *French* papers.

CONSTANTLY ON THE MARCH. The *Parisian* and *French* papers.

READY MADE CLOTHING. The *Parisian* and *French* papers.

READY MADE CLOTHING.